Vol. III. Numb. 67.

The British Apollo:

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are Added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by ſome of the Society of GENTLEMEN, Concern'd in the First and Second VOLUME, with the Aſſiſtance of other Ingenious PERSONS.

From Monday Auguſt 28th. to Wedneſday Auguſt 30th. 1710.

PROPOSALS for Printing the Firſt Volume of the *BRITISH APOLLO* in Octavo, which is now in the Preſs, and will be Publiſh'd in *Michaelmas-Term* next, are to be had at Mr. *Clark*'s Bookſeller in *Birchin-Lane*, near the *Royal-Exchange*, Mr. *Harbin*'s at the *Rſe* next Door to the *Globe-Tavern* in the *Strand*, near *Charing-Croſs*, and of the Printer hereof, *J. Mayo* over againſt *Water-Lane Fleet-Street*, or of the Men in their Walks.

GENTLEMEN,

Q. *YOUR Opinion in a late Paper, relating to Souls Departed, has given much Pleaſure and entertainment to my Thoughts, but if they are ſtill attended with Fear or Sorrow, in what does their Happineſs Conſiſt?*

Yours, VICTORIA.

A. The Happineſs of the Separated Souls of the Juſt before the Day of Judgment is only Partial. And tho' there is no doubt but they enjoy in ſome Meaſure the Beatific Viſions, and are filled with a moſt Pure and Intenſe Love, by which they are ſo United to God as to be in a Manner Tranſformed into him by partaking of the Divine Nature, and from this Viſion and Love of God are Tranſported with a true, Pure and ineffable Joy; yet that which is properly called Celeſtial Glory Commences not till the Re-union of the Soul and Body. In the mean Time there remains in them a Pious Sollicitude for the Salvation of thoſe that are now in the World, from which our Saviour ſays, the Angels themſelves are not free, ſince they Rejoice at the Converſion of a Sinner, (*Luke* 15. 7) for that implies their Concern for us. Yet neither can this be any Diminution of their Happineſs, ſince this is not to be ſuppoſed that ſort of Sollicitude which is attended with bitter Anxiety and Remorſe; but rather a Sweet and Compaſſionate Tenderneſs proceeding from their Intenſe Love to the Souls of Men; which is well enough Conſiſtent with the Idea we have given of their Preſent Happineſs.

Q. Gentlemen, *'Tis generally obſerved by Navigators, that (notwithſtanding a contrary Wind) the Waves of the Ocean always Flow from the Northweſt Quarter, with Prodigious Violence againſt the Shore. The occaſion of this Motion has not as yet (I believe) been aſſign'd by any, therefore your Opinion is Humbly deſired by,*

Your moſt Humble Servant and Subſcriber,
POLIDORET.

A. Begging the Queriſt's Pardon, we cannot believe this Obſervation ſo Generally as he pretends. If the whole Globe of Earth was covered over with a deep Ocean, the Motion of every Part thereof, wou'd be changing perpetually. For all the Parts of the Ocean muſt tend towards that Part of it to which the Moon is Vertical, and to that which is Diametrically Oppoſite to this Vertical Point. Let the Globe be Suppoſed divided into two Hemiſpheres, of which (as of two great Circles) let the Centers be theſe, *Zenith* and *Nadir* Points, it is plain that the Water will Flow from all the Parts of the Circumference in ſtraight Lines to the Center of its Hemiſphere. But becauſe the Moon is perpetually Stifling his Courſe, therefore the Water which was juſt now at the Extremity of that Hemiſphere (for Inſtance) of which the *Zenith* was the Center, muſt immediately change its Courſe, and Flow towards the *Nadir* Point. Hence the Tendency of the Ocean in all its Parts will be perpetually changing. How this Effect will be diſturbed by Reaſon of the Preſent Figure of the Globe, and the Irregularity of its Superficies, will be obvious to the Readers Imagination. And from thence he may eaſily conceive that this pretended Obſervation of the Ocean Flowing always towards the ſame Coaſt, is plainly contradictory to Reaſon. If the Reader

pleaſes to conſult what we have lately ſaid concerning the Cauſe and *Phenomena* of Tides, he will be better ſatisfied about this Matter.

Q. Gentlemen, *It appears ſomething Strange to me, and as I have heard to many others, that your Paper ſhou'd not only continue ſo long, but alſo to gain continually (as I frequently hear) more and more Reputation. Pray, miſtake me not that I make this Queſtion, from a diſeſteem of your Paper, for I think it the moſt informing and beſt perform'd of any ever came out, but on Account of the Fickleneſs of the Age. All but yours, even thoſe whoſe Birth are of later date, excepting* Bickerſtaff *and* News Papers, *are either quite out of Doors or what is as bad, ſcarce bear their Charge, nay, even* Bickerſtaff *hath long departed from proceeding on the Subject Matter the World firſt expected from him. but you keep on according to the firſt Platform you laid down, and with great Succeſs. Pray, what may the Reaſons hereof be.*

A. 'Tis moſt certain, that which takes with the Preſent Age, and will with the Future, is and will be, what is *New* to the World; and we think we may ſay without any Imputation on our Modeſty, that no Paper was ever ſo fully Calculated for ſuch purpoſe as this, ſince every time, it not only produces ſeveral things new to the World, but alſo great Variety, not only that, but likewiſe a Mixture of Profit and Delight. Nor can it be ſuppoſed any other Paper can continue ſo long, ſince the Authors muſt in time be exhauſted, whereas not only the whole Nation is continually our Fountain to ſupply us with Notions to go upon, but alſo the whole Creation ſupplies us with Subjects; and we ſhall take that care to maintain the Reputation we have Eſtabliſh'd, as never to be under any Apprehenſions of being Supplanted.

Q. Courteous Gentlemen, *The Generous Expreſſions of Kindneſs you always Confeſs for us of the Weaker Sex, gives Courage to my Intention of Flinging my Caſe open before you. Know,* Sirs, *(yet I Bluſh to ſay it) I am Paſſionately in Love with a —— I know not what —— a Fool I think he is; and that you may diſcern the better to give your Opinion, the whole Circumſtances are as follows.*

Often going to his Shop, veiwing his Dexterity behind the Counter, and too often making him the Subject of my Private Meditation; I fell in Love with him, which encreaſed to ſuch a degree, that it caſt me into a Deſperate Illneſs. The Phyſician ſoon gueſs'd the Cauſe, and told my Father, whoſe many Importunities with Promiſes of Gratification, if 'twas ſo; and my own good Will brought me to a Confeſſion. My Father ſoon made the Gentleman acquainted how Affairs ſtood, and told him if he thought fit to make his Addreſſes, my Fortune ſhould be beyond what he might expect, that the deſign might not be Baulk'd, he was Invited to our Country-Seat; he came, and to favor the matter ſtill the more, we were often left by ourſelves: But inſtead —— Oh Stupid Ignorance! —— I ſay, inſtead of ſome Melting, Soft Expreſſions of Love, ſuch as I might then moſt Reaſonably expect, his Diſcourſe had Hunting always at one end; telling me if to Morrow was a Fine Day, he would Hunt, or ſometimes perhaps Fiſh, highly Commending the Warbling Birds, the Shady Groves, the Purling Sreams, the Fragrancy of the Air, and the Pleaſures of a Countrey-Life in general: Then up comes Mr. Hunting, *Oh! the Fineſt Recreation in the World; were I to Live in the Country it ſhould my Daily Diverſion. But all the while, he never ſo much as once Touch'd on Love, the only Tuneful String in my whole Soul. To be ſhort, my Gentleman was Diſmiſſed; yet for all that I know he is an* Ignoramus, *there is ſomething in him ſo Attractive that Love I muſt.*

Now, if you will favor me with your Sentiments of the Man, and Teach me how to Baniſh him from my Mind, if you cannot direct me how I may Modeſtly gain him for an Husband, 'twill render an Eternal Obligation to

Your Admirer, CLOTILDA.

A. We muſt Confeſs, *Madam*, your Caſe to be an Inſtance of the greateſt Infatution by that unaccountable Paſſion *Love*, we ever met with. That tho' the Object of your Paſſion appears to be the Strongeſt Antidote againſt it, yet that it ſhou'd not be in your Power to apply the Remedy. We cou'd wiſh Opportunities might be continued to the Animal, and ſome Truſty Friend perſuade him to Venture on a Love-Harangue. We Propoſe not this, to Anſwer your Expectation, but to Effect a Cure; for we are perſuaded, a Lady of Delicate Taſt will be ſoon Cloy'd with what he can offer, to an utter Averſion to him. We ſhou'd think, that a Perſon who cou'd Compoſe her Thoughts but ſo far, as to Indite ſuch a Letter as ſhe has ſent us, might carry them to the following Conſiderations; how much it will Reflect on her Judgment to caſt her ſelf away upon a Perſon, who has no Senſe of his own Happineſs; how often ſhe may have occaſion to Bluſh at his Converſation amongſt Ladies; how ſhe will be leſſen'd in the World by his Neglect of her; and what an Inſipid Banquet of Love, ſhe is likely to meet with, from a Perſon who has no Taſt himſelf in the *Delicacies* of that Paſſion, which are the Life and Soul of it: Alſo what a Melancholy Reflection it will be, to revolve on what ſhe has ſuffer'd for that which diſappoints all her Expectations. And laſtly, to conſider, that when ſhe has once put herſelf into his Poſſeſſion, it will be too late to repent her Error, but muſt ſet contented with the Reverſe of all ſhe pleaſed her Imagination with; Nay, perhaps have her Generous Affections Ingratefully rewarded with Contempt, and the very Object from which ſhe Promiſed herſelf the higheſt Felicity, prove the Sourſe of Perpetual Unhappineſs. Perhaps a juſt Reflection on all theſe Conſequences may Awake you out of that Lethargy, Love hath thrown you into, ſo that with that you may ſhake of all farther concern for ſuch an Incorrigible Lump of Stupidity.

Q. APOLLO, *Since Hail is Water Congealed, harder than Snow, how comes that to fall in Warm Weather, and Snow only in Cold Weather?*

Yours, PHILANDER.

A. We Anſwered this Queſtion, *Vol. III. N°. 7.*

POEMS.

BIBLIOTECA BODLEIANA

Q. BRIGHT Offspring *of the* Dælian God,
To one that Humbly Bows, Pray Nod,
Before your Celebrated Shrine,
To know what 'tis you do Opine,
Of the Enigma *that does follow,*
Why Lamb *and* Mutton *oft prove* Yellow.
I don't Conceive it Lies in Driving
The Beaſt, nor does it hinder Thriving:
They prove the beſt (and ſo I've Blunder'd
For Rhymes Sake) in an even Hunder'd;

Their

Their Livers perfect are and Sound,
Nor has their Lungs receiv'd a Wound;
Their Bodies from Diſtempers clear,
Yet ſtill the Reaſon don't appear;
Of what I ask'd, but let your next,
Lay open what is ſo perplext;
My Humble Service (as moſt due)
I give both unto yours and you:
Hoping theſe Lines in Health will find
You all (but Pray my Query mind)
As they leave me this Preſent Time,
Much Pleas'd to ſee my Verſe all Rhyme;
For who'd a' tho't matter ſhou'd grow.
In Cranium, *and ſo eaſy flow;*
But leaſt I do your Patience Tire,
I take my Leave and ſo Retire.

Yours, W. D.

A. Your Query we allow for good,
And do believe it from their Food;
Some Herb, whoſe pleaſing Taſt Invites,
With Keen Deſire, their Appetites:
Tho' ſome have thought Imagination,
From Yellow Hue, at Copulation,
Produc'd th' Effect, but of that Kind,
We never in th' Internals find;
Yet ſince the Queſtion ne'er before,
We met, we farther will explore,
And you (when more inform'd we are)
In the Diſcovery ſhall ſhare.

'Tis true the Mutton's wholeſome found,
And ſome on, two Legs not ſo Sound,
And tho' with Yellow it is Painted,
Neither the Lungs nor Liver Tainted,
Yet 'twill no more become a Feaſt,
Than Sir *John H——ll* that Dirty Gueſt

Our Love back to your Family
We give (if ſuch in Being be)
In Wiſhes all that Health Inditing,
As we've this Preſent Time of Writing
A Joyful Day it is to us,
To find y' Improve in Rhiming thus;
So eaſily flow all your Strains,
They never can Fatigue your Brains,
Nay were they all Lock'd up, you might
(For ought we know) as Smoothly Write.

APOLLO,

Q. As I lay Muſing on my Bed,
A Viſion ſt angely came in my Head,
I ſaw Clarinda *whom I Love,*
No Earthly Joys I Prize above,
She Claſp'd me in her Lovely Arms,
And then expreſt a Thouſand Charms,
Alas! ſays ſhe, my Deareſt Love,
I Thank the Mighty Powers above,
That I have met with thee again,
Returning from the Rural Plain,
A Kind Salute I did her Give,
Wiſhing her Happy ſtill to Live,
Then Parted we each to our Home,
She being juſt to London *come,*
Nothing was in my Thoughts Obſcene,
But all was nothing but a Dream.
Awaking then I went ſtraightway,
Unto her Houſe without delay,
And ſhe return'd that very Day,
Which when I ſaw, was all Surprize,
Ah! I could ſcarce believe my Eyes.
Pauſing upon what I had ſeen,
Thinking my ſelf ſtill in a Dream,
Nor Salutation could I make,
As having not Power to ſpeak,
Aſham'd to ſee that Saint I Love,
My Heart within my Breaſt did move,
As tho' I'd been ſome Great Offender,
Altho' I always did befriend her.

APOLLO, *what can be the Reaſon,*
Of my thus Changing at that Seaſon?

AMINTAS.

A. Amintas had no made, it ſeems,
A Speech t'accoſt her, in his Dreams,
And therefore th' unexpected, meeting,
He cou'd not ſay one Word in Greeting;
Or if juſt Meaſures we may take,
From's Lines, he was not yet Awake;
But Dream Involv'd in Dream, he try'd
To Speak, but never Word apply'd;
Beſides his Heavy Dull Love-Plodding,
Shews like the Thoughts of Mortal Nodding.

Or elſe his Soul might higher move,
In Notions of Platonic Love;
Addreſſing her in Courtſhip Mental,
So ſhe might Pop in e'er he'd Spent all;
No wonder then if on the ſudden,
He might appear like Image Wooden,
To take ſo great a Leap at once,
Her Soul for Body to Renounce;
If on the Right, we have not Pitcht,
Then certainly, he was Bewitcht.

☞ Any Perſon may have the *Index* to the Second Volume of the *Britiſh Apollo*, alſo whole Sets Bound or Unbound, and Single Sheets to make up Sets of the ſaid Volume, of the Men in their Walks, or of *J. Mayo*, over againſt *Water-Lane, Fleet-Street.*

SIR,

THE Letters from *Copenhagen, Auguſt* 26th, Adviſe, that the 7 or 800 Muſcovites who are in the Neighbourhood of Dantzick, and

and are to be Transported hither, are not yet provided with divers things neceſſary for their Voyage; ſo that 'tis doubted whether they will be here before Winter. In the mean time the Czar of Muſcovy is carrying on his Conqueſts in Finland and Livonia, and is in Perſon with his Army before Revel. The Advices from *Turin*, *August* 16th, Are that General Count Daun (with the Army of the Allies) having broke up from *Foglitto*, was rearing towards *Coni*; and that our Troops which had taken Poſſeſſion of the Eminencies about Briançon, had likewiſe drawn off from thence and were returning to Suza; all which he impute here to the Diſſention that has been in the Army. To put a ſtop to that Diſſention, the Duke of Savoy has order'd his General the Count della Rocca to retire to his Government of Alexadria. 'Tis reported here that his Royal Highneſs to take away all Diſtruſt and Jealouſy (for which the Miſcarriage of this Campaign may have given Occaſion) and to ſatisfy the Allies of his Firmneſs and Conſtancy, has offer'd to recieve Garriſons of Imperialiſts into Coni, Suza, and Ivrea. The Night between the 11th and 12th, divers Expreſſes were ſent to ſeveral Courts, with Diſpatches relating to the Preſent Juncture of Affairs. The 12th in the Morning, 4 Envoys from ſeveral Potentates in the Alliance, went with the Marquis de de St. Thomas (our Duke's Chief Miniſter) from hence to the Court at Venetia reale, to hold a Conference there on the Preſent Circumſtances of Affairs. The 15th our Duke recieved the News by an Expreſs of the Victory gain'd by the Allies at Almanara in Spain, the 27th paſt.

Which is all from Yours, &c.

WHEREAS ALL THE SETS OF THE FIRST Volume of the *BRITISH APOLLO* have been for ſome time diſpos'd of, tho' none under 15 *s.* 6 *d.* for Sets Bound. The ſaid Vol. containing about 2000 Anſwers to Curious Queſtions, in moſt Arts and Sciences, approv'd of by many of the moſt Learned and Ingenious, of both Univerſities and of the Royal-Society, is now Reprinting in Octavo by Subſcription. The Terms are, each Subſcriber to pay 2 *s.* 6 *d.* in Hand and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* on the Delivery of each Book, Neatly Bound, Gilt Edges and Letter'd on the Back, none will be Sold under 6 *s.* by Reaſon there will be but very few Printed more then what will be Subſcribed for. *Note*, It will be Carefully Corrected, Amended and Improv'd by the Authors, that all that is Material will be Inſerted. They who Subſcribe for 6 Books to have a 7th Gratis, and to Bookſellers their uſual Allowance. Propoſals may be had, and a Printed Ticket given to thoſe who are willing to Subſcribe, at Mr. *Clark*'s Bookſeller, in *Birchin-Lane* near the *Royal Exchange Cornhill*, Mr. *Harbin* at the *Roſe*, next Door to the *Globe Tavern* in the *Strand*, near *Charing-Croſs*, or of *J. Mayo* Printer hereof, over againſt *Water-Lane Fleet-Street*, and of the Men in their Walks.

Note, the 2 Firſt Claims which were made the 27th of *July*, came to no more then 37 *l.* 12 *s.* but will now amount to between 30 and 40 *l.* each, and if it Increaſe as it has for one Month laſt paſt, it will be full by *Lady-Day* next, wherefore all Perſons who intend to enter, it will be their Intereſt to do it forthwith, to prevent others from Inſuring on them.

At a General Meeting of the Preſent Subſcribers at *Serjeant's-Inn Hall*, in *Fleet Street*, on *Thurſday*, *Auguſt*, the 24th, 1710, Six Truſtees where Choſen for the Year Enſuing, to whom Real Security is given for due Performance of Articles as by the Propoſals which may be had *Gratis*, at the Office, where may be ſeen a Liſt of the Truſtees.

A Patent under the Great Seal of England has been granted to Charles Helmon in Red-Lion-Street in Southwark for the making of his London Ink-Powder for Records. [illegible] Moſt Excellent for all Perſons to make their Writings as Black and as Strong as the Black. The Supremacy Power makes all [illegible] Quart for Shop-keepers [illegible] Ink, only by Infuſion of [illegible] Rain or River-Water [illegible] Ink, or Ink ſpoiled by the Frost. And Directions to each Paper of Powder. [illegible] Tis Sold by moſt Stationers and Booksellers in and about London [illegible] the chiefeſt Cities and Towns in England and [illegible] may be informed of by Letters, Carriage or Conveyance [illegible] Years, and [illegible] moſt parts of the World.

MR. *Roger Evans*, OCULIST, who has been ſo ſucceſsful in Curing the Cataract and Curing all other Curable Diſtempers in the Eyes, lives in St. *Chriſtopher's Church-Yard*, where he has lately brought to Sight theſe Perſons under-nam'd. *Hall Jones*, at *New-Bagnio-Bath*, born blind, brought to Sight in 9 minutes. *Sarah Lane*, at Mr. *Haunches*, in the *Barbican*, *Widdrington*, blind 11 Years, brought to Sight in 3 minutes. *Mary Bearing*, in *Swan-Yard* near *Newgate*, blind 5 Years, reſtored to Sight in one Minute. *Elizabeth Wild*, in *Hatton-Garden*, *Goſwell Street*, blind of one Eye 25 Years, reſtored to Sight in 5 minutes. *William Dixon* in *Chelſea*, *College*, aged 87, reſtor'd to Sight in 5 minutes. *John Mayo* on *Saffron Hill*, blind by Obſtruction on the Optick Nerves. A Gentlewoman whoſe Mother lives at Juſtice *Conſtables* in *Goodman's-Fields*, the ſame. Mrs. *Jackſon* in *Woods-Cloſe*, the ſame. Mr. *Williams*, in *Peter-Street Old Soho*. *Anne Andrews* in *Goſwell-Street*. *Saywell Lathan*, at *Adam's Coffee-Houſe Chancery-Lane*. *Anne Allen*, in *Nightingal Lane*. *Anne Lee*, at the *Croſs-keys* Tavern in St. *Martin's Lane*, *Strand*. Mr. *Godby*, near *Fiſhmonger's-Hall*, *Thames-Street*. Mr. *Heming* in *Nagshead-Alley*, *Southwark*. Mr. *Langbridge*, *Saffron-Hill*. A Child of *J. Harris* at *Iſlington*, blind at a month Old. Mrs. *Parſons*, in *Naked Boy Court* in *Bell Savage-Yard*, *Ludgate-Hill*. Mr. *Graves*, at Mr. *Spencers* in *Church-ſtreet*, *Deptford*. Mr. *Allens* Daughter at the *Dolphin* and *Comb* on *London-Bridge*. *Thomas Dunmore*, in *Caſtle-alley* in the *Park*, *Southwark*. *William Maiſter*, in *Wheeler-ſtreet*, *Spittle-Fields*. *Joſeph Mills*, at Mr. *Shakſpear's* at *Hogſdon*. Mr. *Jones* Daughter, next Door to the 2 *Brewers* in *Monmouth-ſtreet*. NOTE, Theſe with 223 others have been Cur'd ſince *Sept.* 1708. by the aforeſaid Mr. *Grant*.

READY Money for any Parcel or Library of Books in all Languages and faculties whatever; likewiſe Books Exchang'd and lent to Read, by *Tho. Bickerton*, at the *Roſe* and *Crown* next the Gate-way leading into the *Blue-Coat-Hoſpital* by the Pump in *Little-Britain*.

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